

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe  
And Vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

*Glen.* No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*;  
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his  
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in  
Heauen.

*Hot.* And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*  
spoke of:

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,  
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes  
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
mothers Car had but kitned, though your selfe had neuer been  
borne.

*Glen.* I say, the Earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind.  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your Natiuity:  
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth  
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde  
Within her wombe, which for enlargement striding,  
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe  
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth  
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Cousin, of many men  
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,  
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes,  
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards  
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life doe shew,  
I am not in the roll of common men:  
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,  
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,  
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me,  
And bring him out that is but *Womans senné*,  
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,  
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*  
He to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command t

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the D  
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

*Mor.* Come, come: no more of this vnprofitable

*Glen.* Three times hath *Henry Bullingroke* made  
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,  
And Sandy-bottomd *Seuerne* haue I sent him  
Boordlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in foule weather  
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

*Glen.* Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our ri  
According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* The *Archdeacon* hath deuided it  
Into three limits, very equally:

*England* from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,  
By South and East, is to my part assign'd,  
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound  
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you  
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

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